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The Manitou

MANITOWOC, WIS.

Published by the pupils of the Manitowoc High School

Price 60 cents per year 15 cents a copy

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SUCCESS TO THE MANITOU

By E. W. WAITE

(Mr. E. W. Waite, our present Superintendent of Schools, was superintendent of schools at Menominee from 1917 till 1920. Before going to Menominee he held a similar position at Jefferson from 1910 until 1917. From 1907 until 1910, he was at Waterloo. The reporter *waited* around the office for three days before he found an opportunity to approach our busy Superintendent on the subject of the *Manitou*. The following message proves that it paid to wait. There is a heartiness and sincerity in it that reveals an interest in our welfare, and makes us want to respond to the appeal with the loyalty and earnestness which the author of the article expresses.)

A publication, such as the *Manitou* by the pupils of the High School, deserves the strong support of every person directly or indirectly connected with the High School.

As Superintendent of Schools, I wish to commend this enterprise to every parent or patron in Manitowoc who is interested in the progress of the High School. If properly edited, and I am sure it will be, it may become a strong connecting link between home and school. It should reflect the life and spirit of the school into every home.

I wish to commend it strongly to every student of the High School. It should be the ambition of every student to be heard through its columns. No student can afford to let this splendid opportunity slip by unheeded, or unnoticed.

To the faculty I commend it as a splendid incentive for the teaching of good English. While each teacher is interested in his or her special subject, it must be recognized by all that English is the background of every subject. Every teacher should be alive to the subject of English and its importance as a vital factor in his work.

Let all of us then get together and make the *Manitou* a power in the High School and Community.

TAD

By JOHN KELLEY '22

Part I.

He was just a dog; in fact he was a cur, but his reputation was such as no other dog in Fort Selkirk enjoyed. He belonged to Henry Jones, a saloon-keeper, whose gentlest touch of the dog was a kick. This fact accounted for Tad's ferociousness. No man passed near him but was snapped at or bitten in the leg. This, however, did not prevent his being teased by the many men who at one time or another came to the saloon. They rather delighted in seeing him show his teeth and snap at the air. It happened, however, that sometimes he did get some victim's leg. Only a scream told of the fact. Never had anyone heard the dog growl or bark. For those reasons his reputation was established early.

When he was about two years old, a prospector, Jean Durand, entering the saloon, saw him. A dog was just what he needed. He had lost one of his sled-dogs the day before. Moreover, Tad was by this time a good-sized dog.

Everyone was acquainted with the cruel nature of Jean Durand. People had blamed him for innumerable atrocities committed, but no one had ever found evidence against him. It was therefore with a good deal of amusement that Henry Jones replied, "Sure, I'll sell him. You'll have to get him out of here though."

Finally, however, Henry Jones put a collar on Tad and took him to Jean Durand's sled. He was perfectly willing to do this when he heard that Jean Durand was willing to give him fifteen dollars for Tad.

One redeeming feature of life in the saloon for Tad had been enough to eat. Now, however, he received only a few fish, an entirely insufficient number in his opinion. He was aware that Jean was amused if the other dogs snatched his fish away from him, and that he would not prevent the dogs from doing this. He was also aware that if he attempted to bite the dogs that snatched his food away, Jean's lash would invariably fall upon him. These facts made him hate Jean very much. The fact that he had now to bury himself in the snow, no matter how severe the weather, only contrived to make him hate Jean more, because Tad

blamed Jean for taking him away from his warm saloon. Never did he consider Jean as his master. He considered him rather as an enemy.

One day it happened that Jean Durand had been more cruel than usual to Tad. When Jean unharnessed the dogs, one of the dogs bit Tad. Tad was much quicker than any of the other sled-dogs, so he managed to get hold of the other dog's neck. Just then, Jean's lash swung through the air at Tad.

In one moment Tad had let go of the dog and had sprung at Jean's throat. Jean was a second later in bringing his fist down upon Tad's side, but Tad had done his work. Then Tad went back to the saloon from which he had come.

Henry Jones, the saloon-keeper, noticed Tad in his old place and looked for Jean; but no Jean could be found. Several days later a prospector brought in Jean's body, and then, all knew who was to blame for Jean's death.

PART II.

Three years had elapsed. Many men had come to the saloon, but not without hearing Tad's story. The town had grown to a considerable size, and many strangers came to live in or near it. A little gold had been found, and this increased the number of strangers daily.

Tad had grown to be a tremendous dog with two desirable points for a sled-dog; he was exceedingly strong, and unusually able to stand the severe weather. These favorable points had not, however, induced anyone to buy him.

Henry Jones thought it a waste of money to feed him any longer, and therefore was about to turn him out of the saloon to run wild with the wolves when Fate intervened. The saloon-keeper heard of a stranger who had arrived several days before. As he had not yet been to the saloon, he very likely had not heard Tad's story. Henry Jones resolved to sell Tad to the new stranger before he heard of the dog's vicious reputation.

When the stranger came Henry immediately confided to him what a wonderful bargain he had, and stated that all the men in Fort Selkirk had bid for Tad, but that of course the highest bidder would get him. He told him that the highest bid offered was sixty dollars.

The stranger looked at the dog and then offered the saloon-keeper seventy dollars. Henry accepted it immediately.

"But," the stranger said, "you'll have to bring him to my cabin in the outskirts of the city."

Henry would be only too glad to do that he said, so the bargain was complete. That night Tad was delivered to the stranger, and Henry Jones received his money.

When Tom Smith, the stranger, and Tad were left alone, Tom got Tad several slices of meat. Tad was suspicious of this. The saloon-keeper used to give him one slice. This man gave him two. He ate the meat gratefully but avoided going near Tom. Once or twice Tom passed the place where Tad was eating the meat, and each time Tad hurried away.

Tad was preparing to dig a bed in the snow for the night, when he noticed that the cabin door was open. Jean Durand had never left his door open. What did this mean? Should he sneak in? He knew that this would bring the whip down on his back, but then, perhaps the stranger would not notice him. So he went up the steps and looked into the room. The log fire on the hearth looked especially inviting to him; watching the movements of the stranger continually he went over to the fire. The stranger paid no attention to Tad. What did this mean? Finally, when Tad saw the stranger close the door for the night, he began to feel sure that he would not be chased into the snow.

So, in this fashion Tad began gradually to trust the stranger more and more, until he felt perfect confidence in him. Tom, on the other hand, began to like Tad. He was different from other dogs he had known, but this fact made Tom all the more eager to win his dog's confidence. After he had managed to do this Tom told himself that, whatever happened, he would never sell Tad.

Tom Smith meanwhile went everyday to work his claim. The whole town was aware that he had "struck it rich." No one, however, was able to ascertain where his claim was. Therefore, because "The Gang," as a group of rowdies was called, was unable to find Tom Smith's claim, it decided to help itself to the bags of nuggets that Tom must have in his cabin.

Because Tom's cabin was a considerable distance from the town, "the Gang" thought it was perfectly safe to go there in daylight. Tom Smith would surely not be home then. When the men arrived at his cabin they tried the door but found it locked. The window they found open, so they lost no time in getting into the cabin, as it was getting late in the afternoon.

Tad watched the men enter, from the window. The room was perfectly dark to the men. Therefore they did not see Tad. Tad knew they were strangers—therefore enemies.

In one bound he was upon the first man to enter the room. As he aimed only for the throat of whom he attacked, it did not take long for him to kill a man. The man whom he attacked managed to shoot at him. Another man, then another was dealt with in the same manner. Tad was shot in several places. The men outside could only hear the commotion. Who their enemy was they could not make out. When they heard the cries of their friends, they fled in terror of their unknown enemy. But Tad had seen them and in one bound had cleared the window. The men, however, managed to escape. When Tad returned to the cabin, he sank down upon the steps. His wounds bled profusely. He intended to guard the cabin from further enemies until Tom returned. When Tom returned he found the dead body of his guardian lying prone upon the steps.

THE MYSTERY OF THE CHOCOLATE CAKE

By HAROLD SPORER '21

Because of the pangs which torture our consciences, tonight's setting sun will see the solution of one of the most mystifying, and baffling cases in the history of crime, namely: "The Mystery of the Missing Chocolate Cake."

On the eighteenth of June, nineteen hundred and twenty at forty-five minutes after one in the afternoon, a chocolate cake, said to be luscious, and ample in its proportions, disappeared from the radiator on the north side of the east entrance of our High School.

Many opinions have been formed regarding its disappearance, the most noteworthy perhaps, being reached by Miss Lorraine Wattawa, who suggested that some hungry dog had eaten it. When this conclusion was voiced, a quartette of boys, who had overheard the conversation, seemed very indignant about something or other.

This narrative has been written in order to put an end to suspense, and to supply the public with an authoritive source of information.

Harry, Vernon, Herbert, and I arrived at school thirty minutes after one on that eventful afternoon. Time hung heavily on our hands while the preparations were being made for the picnic, and we walked by a certain oblong package on the radiator several times.

Now Herbert is a person who is of an inquisitive turn of mind, and refuses to take warning from the fate of the cat of legendary fame. The more he saw of the package, the more he wondered what was in it. Finally, overcome by curiosity he stole up to the radiator, examined the package, and then, acting upon Vernon's advice, departed with it in the direction of Harry's car.

Our next meeting took place in the tonneau of the automobile. We immediately proceeded to hold an *ante mortem* examination of the spoils. There, before our astonished eyes, was a chocolate cake!

"Take it back," advised Harry. "Maybe some domestic science girl made it."

"Naw," said I, "What's the use? They don't know we took it. If they find out, we'll tell them that we figured that with Harvey Stangel with us we had better have some provisions in reserve."

"Look out," called Vernon. "Here comes Miss Hubbard."

Immediately Harry busied himself with the tire valve while we searched under the seat for some tools. When we finished, the cake was nowhere in sight.

"Well, boys," said Miss Hubbard, "the rest of the cars are filled now, so I'll ride with you to the picnic grounds." With these words she clambered aboard and deposited herself directly above the cause of all the excitement.

When she reads this, Miss Hubbard will probably understand why the four villains held their breaths as the cushion sank down approximately three inches, and (as we imagined) directly into the frosting.

Forever, if I live long enough to break the record set by that old timer, Methuselah, the memory of that ride will be a nightmare to me.

Every time the car went over a bump the springs sprang, the car rocked and the cushion went up and down, while our cake had barely fitted into the tool-box with no one on the cushion. The roughness of the road to Four Corners had much to do with our extraordinary interest in the beauties of nature. If I remember correctly, that is the only occasion upon which we were thus afflicted.

When we reached our destination, Miss Hubbard left us to see if the others had arrived. As soon as she disappeared beneath the trees we made one dive for the back seat. Glory be! Aside from being a trifle flatter than it had been before, the cake was in perfectly good condition.

"Slightly used, but still in condition to render good service!" exclaimed Vernon jubilantly. "Now let's go and find the rest of the gang."

They were on the hill overlooking the river. The quartermaster of the expedition evidently believed in locking the barn after the horse was stolen, for the provisions were under heavy guard, which was not relaxed until the boys went swimming.

While the rest of the boys went swimming, we four went for a walk. Our steps soon turned toward our car, for we had not discovered whether the cake was as good as it looked.

"All right boys," exclaimed Herbert. "Who's got a knife?"

"Right here," said Vernon. "But I'm going to cut it."

"Fly around then, we haven't all day."

The operation was speedily performed and in thirty seconds each of us was seated on a log putting himself outside of an eighth of that cake.

We may not be authorities on cake, but every one of us is willing to swear that it was the best cake at the picnic, and we sampled all of them.

On the way back we met Archie Rankin and Bill Rahr, who were camping, and thus accidentally established a perfectly water-proof alibi.

The others were preparing forked sticks for toasting marshmallows when we returned. As soon as we entered the clearing one of the girls detached herself from the group and approachd us with a smile—the sort a person usually wears when he is trying to borrow a sheet of theme paper.

"If you love your Uncle, Vernon," said Vernon, anticipating her intentions, "give her your knife; mine's all full of chocolate."

I didn't have mine, but Harry came to our rescue with his own. Thus a calamity was averted.

Then came the "eats", and for the first time since we had been initiated we had reason to be truly thankful that we were members of the staff. Here Walter Peters established unbreakable records with thirteen weiners, eight biscuits, and nine pieces of cake to his credit. For this noble work he was appointed superintendent of the washing of the paper plates.

Somehow a rumor spread that a cake was missing. The four of us were very much upset when we heard it, although the refreshments of which we had partaken may have had something to do with this. Nevertheless we appointed Herbert a committee of one to investigate.

The first person he met was Lorraine Wattawa. "Say, did someone swipe a cake?" he asked.

"Why, do you know anything about it?"

"No; is it so?"

"Yes."

"My!" remarked Herbert feelingly, "That was a dirty trick."

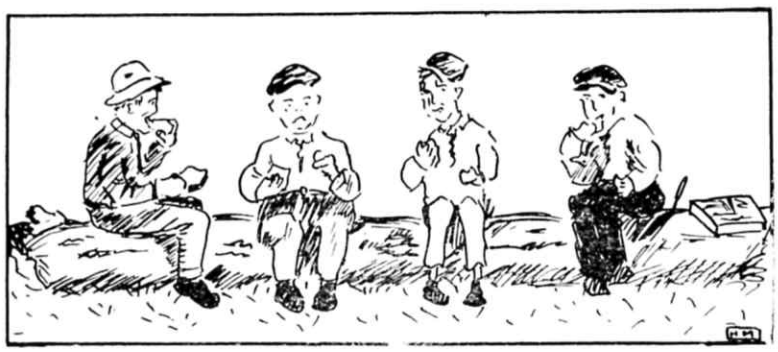
We agreed with him.

We went home soon after that, but did not treat Miss Hubbard and Ethel to any cake, for that would have beeen poor diplomacy. This left us to dispose of the rest of it, not a very difficult problem.

After this business had been attended to, Vernon was unanimously elected to return the cake tin with our thanks to Ethel Pech who had made the cake. We later heard that he went about this in a very original manner.

Vernon took the tin, wrapped in paper, to Pech's garage, where he handed it to one of the men with the request that he give it to Mr. Pech and instruct him to take it home. Still, some people wonder where they will get men for the diplomatic service!

Now I hope you understand the whole mysterious proceeding. I can assure you that none of us have ever been in prison, although each has more than a speaking acquaintance with every policeman on the force. We wish to enter a plea of temporary insanity; a person who borrows a cake without knowing who made it *must* be insane. Therefore we deliver ourselves to the mercy of the Missing Cake Bureau with the hope that we may live to eat more at the next picnic.



A CLOSE CALL

By TERRY NELSON, '21

Jack Gordon lived with his mother on a forty-acre farm, which bordered the Manitowoc River. Their nearest neighbor was James Halverson who had land on both sides of the river. A large creek branched off from the river and joined it later, thus forming an island of about ten acres, a part of the Halverson farm.

It was in the middle of June that old Mr. Halverson told Jack that he could pick all the strawberries that were on the old bed and could take them home. Jack's mother said he could go, but Jack didn't care to pick berries that day so he took his fishpole with him on the sly. The strawberry patch was close by the river and the berries had been picked previously but as there were many berries left Mr. Halverson thought it a favor to give Mrs. Gordon a few berries. Jack picked a while; then took his fishpole and started to fish but the fish wouldn't bite. He started to eat the berries that he had picked, and then, when his appetite was satisfied, he forgot about dinner. He kept right on fishing and dreaming of fishing with real fishing tackle, and of getting a place on the nine which was practising that day. Then it occurred to him that it was Sunday and that he could go and play ball.

Suddenly he became aware of a rushing sound which came from the upper part of the river. The first thing he thought of was that the gates in the dam at Oslo were opened to allow the excess water to pass through, because of the late rains that spring. But it was coming nearer and getting louder, and Jack saw, up beyond the big bend, a high wall of water rushing down the river. Then it occurred to Jack that the dam at Oslo had been washed out. That was probable, because half of the apron had been torn away early in the spring when the ice came over; and water, falling at the back of the dam, had undermined the concrete structure so that the great pressure of the water had pushed the dam over.

Jack was on the island. He saw Mr. Halverson's herd of Guernsey cattle browsing a short distance from him. With the herd was a heifer calf which Mr. Halverson had bought for several thousand dollars. Jack started to run but turned and looked at the cattle. He could chase them upon the hills to the south, but first they must cross the creek. The water was coming over the whole island, a five-foot wall which swept everything before it. Jack started to chase the cattle but it was hard work; the cows were hungry and Mr. Halverson was gone. The water was coming closer every second. Jack, hat in hand was chasing the cattle when the heifer calf, scared by a woodchuck, started for the river. The cattle, spurred on by the noise of the water, hastened over the creek and up on to the highland. Jack ran after the scared heifer. It is very hard to chase a lone cow or calf, and Jack knew it. The water was almost upon him when he and the heifer reached the bank of the river. The heifer jumped into the water and trying to swim, was in line with a swift traveling log and a stationary tree. Jack jumped in, too, but none too soon because the log was a few feet from the side of the heifer

and would have killed it had not Jack jumped in and swerved the course of the log a little. Just then, the heifer turned around and crawling up the bank ran through the water onto the island and joined the other cows. Jack did not know that the water, which seemed almost upon him, had spread out over the land and had backed up into creeks. He was swept down the river, for a distance that seemed miles, when he managed to get out but with torn clothes and bruised body.

Of course, Mr. Halverson never knew how close his heifer had been to death, but his respect rose for Jack Gordon, who, he said, had the kind of courage that makes a hero.

AN EXPERIENCE IN THE NORTHWOODS

By BATCHLER ALDRIDGE, '22

I don't believe I shall ever again have as good a time as I did while upon a fishing trip up North. We were staying at a place known to tourists and natives of the country as Deer Lodge. This lodge is situated on a beautiful site on the East shore of Long Lake, which is one of the lakes in the Eagle River chain. One day we decided to take a fishing trip, and we selected Lake Helen as the best lake in the surrounding country for bass fishing. We left the lodge at one o'clock and took the steam launch across Long Lake. From this point we took the automobile and traveled for about five miles. Finally, we came to the end of the road, and we ran into a forest of young poplars and placed the car so that it would be sheltered. We then started to walk. That was certainly a thick forest, almost impenetrable. If it had not been for our guide we should have been lost for good, but he seemed to be at home in these woods.

What we thought was a thick forest at first seemed like baby woods compared to what we ran into now. We were getting deeper into the forest. Then it began to rain! I actually thought the rain god had it in for us, and had saved all that water just for this particular occasion; as the old saying goes, "it came down in bucketfuls." But naturally, being stubborn, we were bound to fish in that lake, no matter what the consequences.

We wound our way through the woods, the water oozing through our toes, and when we walked the swish of water was heard, quite audibly, as we swung our arms. We were most certainly soaked. At last the lake came into view. Our spirits rose, and why shouldn't they? A little water, more or less cannot hurt anyone, and we were making the best of it. Our chances were as good as anyone's for catching a few fish. We reached the shore of the lake and hauled the boat out from its cache and climbed in. The guide began to row and our fishing began. Attorney Hardy caught a good-sized bass with his first cast. That was a dandy starter, for we thought that they must be biting. Well, sir, we whipped that lake, just up and down! Up and down for nigh onto three hours and not a single bite. The fish did not appreciate our noble efforts for if they had taken the least bit of the offensive part we should have caught more than one.

I voiced the opinion that my food cavity felt empty, and the others agreed with me saying, "That's the first sensible thing you've said all day." We all piled out, on land of course, and the guide took some dry firewood from the inside of an old dead tree and started a fire. He then heated some coffee that the cookee had put in a thermos bottle for the occasion, that delicious coffee (for it certainly did taste delicious, away out in the woods away from everyone), and a few cold tongue sandwiches cheered and filled us up, so that we felt like trying our hand at fishing once more.

After a little over an hour of fishing, it seemed that the attorney's dinner had unsettled him. It must have been the dill pickle that he had eaten, anyway Mr. Hardy stood up in the boat and got ready for an extremely long cast, as he considered it (about twenty feet). He pulled back his arm and put forth all his strength, but something didn't go just right. His extra effort must have been the cause. Into the lake went pole, reel, and all. I guess Mr. Hardy felt sorry for the *poor creatures*, and so he threw his pole into the lake to console them. It was impossible for us to get the lost article out, so our friend was in hard luck. But I don't know if it was very hard luck, at that, because we only wasted energy fishing another hour.

We decided that Lake Helen was a hopeless place for fishing upon a rainy day, so we journeyed homeward after reaching the boat; that is, if the car could be called home; at least, we were started on our way for home.

It took us exactly two hours and six minutes to find that car. It appeared that the guide got a little off of the path, and we made a complete circle around the car. And still it rained; I don't believe that I ever actually saw so much rain in all my life. All this time Mr. Hardy hung on to his lonesome fish.

We reached the lodge at seven-thirty, looking like scarecrows, probably worse; but we resolved never to go fishing in Lake Helen again.

P. S.—We went over there the next day and had better luck.

FLOWERS IN THE SCHOOL-ROOM

Flowers in the school-room,
  Make it bright and gay;
They help to chase away the gloom,
  And give us cheer all day;
They hold their tiny heads up
  Like soldiers through and through;
It seems they want to tell us
  To hold our heads up, too.

By SYLVIA McMULLEN, 21.

EXTREMELY WARM WEATHER PREDICTED

By ETHEL REINFRIED, '22

The scene opens, dear reader, in the living room of the Barker family. A young lady is seated on the davenport, a pencil back of her ear, an ink blotch on her face, and her hair pinned back securely from her forehead. There are books before her, on each side and at her feet. The expression on her face is far from pleasant. It appears as though she would enjoy a stormy outburst, and is about to "fly off the handle," so to speak. The time is probably very familiar to everyone. It is the week known as examination time; and spoken of by graduates in a calm, collected tone of voice—by students with a wild shriek.

"Caroline dear, did you put the cat out?"

"Yes, mother." One hand travels toward the puckered brow, securing a firm hold on one eyelash.

"Sister Carry, what did 'ou do at school t'day?" lisped a three-year-old.

"Oh, studied, I guess." Another frantic effort at concentration, and after another five minutes, several scribbled sheets are thrown down on the table with considerable force. "Now for my History, and then I'll copy the theme. My, I'm glad that's finished!"

Seating herself near the lamp, she bent to her work, but, upon hearing a grating sound in the kitchen, she went hurrying thither to investigate. She was gone precisely one hour, and having looked the white mice over to her satisfaction (her older brother's especial property), she again returned to copy that hideous theme.

What a sight! Ink on floor, carpet, lamp, and baby brother, as well.

"Why, where is my theme?" she gasped.

"Oh, Larry got nasty paper full of ink, put in water, wash ink out real nice for dood sister Carry."

"What!!" She gazed toward a bucket of water, standing in a corner. There lay her ten-page theme immersed in a foot of water, evidently enjoying its impromptu bath. The lines could not have been deciphered with a microscope, so well had the water accomplished its deadly aim.

We will save the gentle reader the agony of witnessing that painful scene; suffice it to say that " 'ittle brudder Larry" never came within ten feet of Caroline's school-books during the rest of his mischievous career.

CAMPING

By LAURA GATERMAN, '22

It was in August of this summer that nine girls and two chaperones went camping at Birch Cliff Villa, Ravine Park.

The first evening was spent in unpacking, receiving our duties for the week, and, in general, getting settled. My partner and I chose the room containing three beds, the result being no sleep until one o'clock.

The next morning at four o'clock when it was not yet very light, some of the girls chose to make noise and keep us from sleeping. We were very tired and did not wish to be disturbed at this early hour; so, Ruth and I decided to go downstairs and sleep on the porch. The couch there was only about three feet wide. It took some time before we decided what portion each should have and settled down. I was very unfortunate, lying on a broken spring, which was by no means comfortable; and Ruth managed to get three-fourths of the quilt. Finally, I became aware that I was not yet sleeping, and since that was my purpose, I endeavored to gain it. I recalled having heard people say that counting promoted sleep. I counted up to four-hundred and twenty-two, but all this was useless. At four-thirty the girls came down in their swimming suits, and I gladly returned to my bed. I arose in time for breakfast and then washed dishes, as was my duty for the day. That evening we had a fudge party and had a most enjoyable time.

One night the chaperones and six girls went to the prosperous city of Rapids. Their purpose? Ask them. Ruth, Calla, and I decided to remain at camp so that no one would steal our valuables. We went to bed, turned out the lights and started telling ghost stories. The trees made funny sounds and the atmosphere was favorable for excitement. I chanced to glance out of the window and saw the figure of a man approaching the cottage. I told the girls, in a half whisper to look and see if they saw what I did. We heard his footsteps right under the window; he walked up the stairs and was at the door; he suddenly knocked. Calla buried her head under her pillow, as an ostrich would thrust its head in the sand to remain unseen. Ruth grasped me in her fright, and, well, I will not venture to say what I was doing at this very moment. After hesitating for some time I gained enough courage to say in a manlike voice, "Who is there?" The man replied, and informed us that he was Ruth's father, who had come to bring us some goodies. Being released from our fright, we could again relax and breathe freely. After this experience the girls vowed never to stay alone at camp after dark.

We all spent a portion of our time in telling fortunes. The chaperones were particularly interested in their future and will be very successful if the things that were foretold come true.

One afternoon the chaperones left to call for their mail. I thought this was a splendid opportunity to play a joke on them. I called Ruth and we collected some small sticks and placed them in their bed along with salt and a scrubbing brush. We hurried about to finish before their return, and the discovery of our absence. All went well until that night. Ruth and I could not sleep since we knew that they would be disturbed, being salted down and in a bed of sticks. Finally we heard them burst into laughter, and of course, we knew why. In a minute the brush which we had put in their bed came flying up the stairs, and the Victrola was started. It was their intention to keep us awake, but finally the machine was shut off and we fell asleep.

Camping is a great life, if you don't weaken.

THE VACANT HOUSE

By HELEN SPICER, '22

The house itself was an ordinary one-story frame building, neither very old nor very new, and there certainly was nothing beautiful in its appearance. But the crowd of boys and girls on their way to Sunday school approached it with caution, not to say fear. It stood in a small grove of trees at some distance from the road, and had been vacant for two years. It was owned by a rich farmer who lived two miles distant

We were not obliged to pass by it on our way to Sunday school as there was a nearer path we could have taken, and we usually did; but, within the last few days, the vacant house had suddenly become an object of interest, for the report had spread around that strange noises had been heard there the last few days, and some had said that they had seen something white, moving about inside. In other words the house was haunted.

Most of the parents smiled when their children came home with marvelous accounts of what such and such a one said had been heard there and seen at the vacant house, and suggested mischievous rats as a probable cause of the disturbances.

We were now passing directly in front of the object of our remarks, and the sun shone full on its blindless windows. Needless to say every eye was fixed eagerly upon it, but there was nothing out of the ordinary to be seen.

"Have the Leigh's found their cat yet, Marguerette?" Ruth asked presently.

"No, and I'm afraid they never will," returned Marguerette. "It's been nearly three weeks now since it disappeared, and if it were still alive I guess somebody would have found it by this time."

"My, I wish I could find it and get that five-dollar reward," put in Lucille.

"It's ten now," corrected Ruth. "They increased the reward last week."

The cat in question belonged to the Leighs who lived about two or three miles in the opposite direction from which we were going. They were a wealthy family who had purchased the best home in the neighborhood about a year earlier. Mr. and Mrs. Leigh were well-bred people who had left their city home and moved into the country solely in the hope that their only child Mildred would grow strong and rosy in the country air and sunshine. Her most cherished treasure was a large white-and-yellow cat which for several days did not make his appearance, so her parents began to make inquiries in the neighborhood, and offered a reward for his safe return.

While we were waiting and deciding whether we should take the road or the path, we met one of our friends who was on her way home from an errand for their neighbor and displayed a small covered basket containing groceries.

We began to recount again all the stories we had heard concerning the mysterious things that were happening there. In fact we taked so much and told so many uncanny "ghost stories" that we had heard at

one time and another, that by the time we reached the house, we had worked ourselves into such a state of mind that we almost wished we had gone the other way.

Some of the party felt inclined to quicken their pace, but were ashamed to do so. Suddenly, as we all looked at the house, we saw something appear, distinct and white against one of the windows.

The girls were too much frightened to scream. We did not wait to take a second look, but one and all took to our heels and ran like frightened deer up the road.

After we had run some distance and I found that we were not pursued by anything, we stopped and regarded each other rather shamefacedly. Marguerette, especially, felt quite ashamed of our ignominious flight, but what girl in such a case would not have kept with the crowd?

But, after all, what had they seen? Two of the girls declared stoutly that it was a face. The others were not so sure.

"I don't think it was a face, and I don't believe in ghosts—" began Ruth when she was interrupted by a wail of dismay from Marjorie, who had suddenly discovered that she had dropped her basket in the stampede; she had been too frightened to miss it until then, and she did not remember when she dropped it. Then the question was asked, who would go back with her to hunt for the basket.

All the girls agreed to go except two.

To tell the truth Ruth was rather glad of an opportunity to go back, for she was ashamed by this time of the part she had played in the affair.

"Never run away from an imaginary danger," her father always said, and that was just what we had done; so, she resolved not only to go back until we found the basket, but to go all the way and take a second look at the window.

Meanwhile nothing had been seen of the lost basket, and Marjorie was at the point of turning back, when Ruth gave a cry of joy and pointed it out, lying a short distance away. Then not even waiting to thank her companions she seized it; and turning, ran back up the road as fast as her legs could carry her.

After all the frightened ones had departed, there were not very many to solve the mystery. We did not have to go much farther, to get to the house. Presently, with a sudden view that caused Ruth to jump she saw an object at the window. She was planning to run until she looked at the object and she drew a brief sigh of relief as she saw that it was a small animal of some kind.

Then she gave a sudden exclamation and fairly rushed for the window, for that great white-and-yellow body was familiar.

The Leighs were at supper when Ruth rang the bell. Mr. Leigh came to the door.

Then Mr. Leigh produced a ten dollar gold piece and tendered it to Ruth with many expressions of gratitude.

"I don't want any reward for what I've done, Mr. Leigh. It was not worth the ten dollars."

"It was worth more than that to us," returned Mr. Leigh, but Ruth was firm and bidding them a good night, she ran home.

LAST YEAR'S DEBATING TEAMS

By RUFIN BOYD, '21

The beginning of the year 1920 found six young men and a teacher of the Manitowoc High School preparing night and day for what was to be one of the most brilliant of the school's seasons of forensic work.

These six young men or boys had labored faithfully from November on under the expert guidance of Miss Emily Wangard, the American History teacher. Every evening found at least one member of the two debating teams industriously digging for material at the library. Incidentally, the boys found out that to be a member of a debating team, one must work, and work hard.

The question that had been chosen by the Lawence Colleger Debating Association was that acute capital and labor problem which has cost the loss of many lives and thousands of dollars in property; namely: "*Resolved*, That the principle of the open shop be maintained in Industry." This question was upheld by our affirmative team, captained by Milton Stangel, with Gunder Gilbertson as first speaker and Everett Brandt following him as second. The negative team, which admittedly had the harder task, being forced to contend with an adverse public opinion, had Darwin Pitz as leader, Albert Tegen, first speaker, and Rufin Boyd, second speaker.

The championship of the L. C. D. A. was to be decided by the process of elimination, based on the well known triangular system. The season opened on February 13, 1919, when our affirmative team met the Two Rivers negative in our auditorium, and our negative made a trip to Neenah to meet their affirmative. Our affirmative squelched Two Rivers three to nothing, and our negative put it all over Neenah by a two to one count.

This twin victory raised an uproar of joy, and the first of a series of mass meetings was held the following Monday morning. Much enthusiasm was aroused, and from that time on a marked increase in the attendance at basketball games and other branches of school activity was noticed.

Being returned winners in the first set-to, our debaters at once got to work to make over their speeches, having found several flaws in their first debates. They accordingly felt confident of capturing the next pair of debates with Kewaunee and West Bend.

So, on March 26, our affirmative journeyed to West Bend and overwhelmed their negative at 3 to 0, while our negative at home was trouncing Kewaunee, 3 to 0 before one of the largest audiences that ever packed the main assembly of our building. This placed our teams in line for the state championship, and the intense interest which was manifested showed that the school body was with the teams heart and soul.

These encounters were to decide the winner of the northern part of the state to debate Sparta, the winner of the southern part, for the championship. We will not go into painful detail and discuss these important semi-finals in their entirety on account of lack of space; the result is what interests us.

On the fateful morning of April 6, immediately after the Easter vacation, our negative set out for Shawano, a hitherto practically unheard of village in the northern part of the state. The Marinette negative came down from the wilds of northeastern Wisconsin to engage our affirmative in lusty combat. This was the day upon which the true mettle of the representatives of Manitowoc was to be tested, the day which was to determine whether the school body was behind its team in defeat as well as in victory.

At home our affirmative lived up to our high school's enviable reputation of not having lost a debate on the home floor, and put the "kibosh" on Marinette to the tune of 3 to 0. The story at Shawano was slightly different, however. At ten-thirty that night when our halls were jammed with watchful waiters for news, the telephone rang in Prof. Stangel's office. The doleful news came over the long distance wire from a high school a hundred miles away that only one of three judges had decided in favor of our negative. The crowd, disappointed but not downhearted, plodded its weary way homeward, and the next day gave the defeated victors at the train a reception which will live forever in the hearts of those saddened debaters that stepped off the train as a never-to-be-forgotten exemplification of loyalty that would be a lasting credit to any school in the world.

And so, our teams ended their season with the remarkable record of having fifteen judges deciding in their favor, and only three against. There are those who say that "the real debating champions of the state reside in Manitowoc," and among them are one or two of the judges. Suffice it to say that we know what our teams were good for and why.

This is the reason for that beautiful blue and white banner which we see daily on the front wall of the main assembly.

The lion's share of the credit goees unreservedly to Mrs. Thomann, *nee* Miss Wangard, who so faithfully and patiently worked with the boys and brought them finally within grasp of the coveted prize.

Although only one of our veterans remains this year, the four seniors having graduated last spring and Everett Brandt having moved to Fond du Lac, still the outlook is cheerful for the coming winter's work. The interest this year is keener than ever, and no matter what association we enter this year there will be a record number of candidates in the try-outs to be held sometime in November.

HONOR ROLL, FIRST QUARTER, 1920-'21

Twelfth Grade—

Vernon Houghton ..... 96.
Harry Schwartz ..... 93.
Emma Sand 92.75
Ruth Zenk 92.6
Agnes Gunderson 91.25

Eleventh Grade—

Margaret Sommers 96.5
Gertrude Spoentgen 96.25
Ethel Reinfried ..... 96.
Mollie Rahr 95.5
Madeline Zentner ..... 95.
John A. Kelley 94.75
Laura Gaterman 94.5
Ruth Zander 94.4
Irene Dushek 94.25
Florence Pasewalk ..... 94.
Margaret Stangel ..... 94.
Gertrude Niedercorn 93.75
Archie Rankin 93.75
Winifred Yindra 93.25
Jean Johnsrud 93.1
Ralph Peterson ..... 93.
Walter Schuknecht ..... 93.
Ruth Hougen 92.5
Ruth Krause 92.5

Tenth Grade—

William Rahr ..... 96.
Lillian Suckern 95.6
Irene Espeseth 93.25
Vivian Napiezinski 93.25
Olivia Thompson 93.25
Floran Zboralski 93.25
Viola Skubal 93.2
Virginia Rogers ..... 93.
Katherine Hansen 92.75
Gladys Ertz 92.5
Clarence Carbon 92.25
Godfrey Kunz ..... 92.
Verna Zahn ..... 92.
Amos Meyer 91.75
Lillian Stoltenberg 91.5
Lawrence Fuka 90.5
Elmer Engel 90.5

Ninth Grade—

Pauline Schuette 94.75
Irene Knipp 92.75
Margaret Surfus 91.75
Rose Leonhard ..... 91.

EPISODE OF THE BROKEN WINDOW

The following incident which took place recently is related simply to emphasize the need of better playgrounds in this city.

We were sitting in room 2 one day late in September holding earnest consultation with Miss Hubbard. We sat near a window so as to command full view of people passing through Washington Park. We also could see the boys just outside, playfully kicking a football to and fro. We were much interested in the directions she was giving to us and our nerves were strained to the utmost, to be certain of comprehending her important message. In the middle of a sentence—*Crash!! Bang!* went the window. A shower of shattered glass sprinkled over our immediate vicinity, some falling and resting joyfully in our ear. The football which had caused the damage became frightened and dropped back outside to the apprehensive youths who fully realized the mishap.

After dispatching Sherlock the Wise to take the culprit into custody, we tried to discover the cause and effect. We learned that it was either a punt or a dropkick that had landed on the cuboid of the right foot, instead of the customary "point de kick" on the astragalus or the metatarsus, thus causing a deflection of the course of the ball from its intended flight right smack-bang into our window. That Miss Hubbard was not killed outright and the editor-in-chief seriously injured from the flying glass is a miracle.

Now let us deduce a few points in a logical way.

First—Those boys were practicing kicking out there on the east lawn because there was no other place to do so at that particular hour.

Second—The barracks and surrounding buildings deprive us of the playground room that should justly be ours.

Third—The only other available space was the West Side Ball grounds, which is now being dug up to prepare drainage for the new park that is to be there, and which otherwise is too long a walk for practice during the noon hour.

Now you admit that those boys needed the practice, that the lawn was the logical place for them to do it, being the only one. That it

should happen during the noon recess shows also that those boys had the right spirit in devoting those extra few minutes to much desired practice. You admit that breaking the window was an ordinary mishap, with no real damage done. But what can anyone do about it?

There is no real spot adapted to playgrounds for miles around. The Fair Grounds is too far away. The West Side is no longer available, for the present at least. We cannot use our lawn, in order not to trample the grass and break any more windows. There is no room on the other side of the building.

Furthermore, the good citizens' public playground project has evidently "gone up in smoke." Our only hope for relief from this protracted suffering, from lack of exercise because of lack of a place in which to exercise, lies in our new high school, and that is years away.

You may ask, "What's the use of this jabber?" Its purpose is to make you think. After making you think it wants you to talk; not to complain, but talk. Talk and say some thing to your parents and the voters. Get them to realize this sad state of affairs, to start a movement that will result in something. Get the idea into their heads that they're ruining our young manhood and womanhood by sitting idly by and wondering why somebody doesn't go ahead and build a new high school, or why some of those aldermen can't find some place for us to play. Your parents are the government. Get the government to think this over.

"STOP! LOOK! LISTEN!"

By MILDRED HANSEN, '51

"What in the world is this?" inquired Marie, standing in the doorway of the living-room, pointing to a sign requiring its readers to "Stop, Look and Listen."

"Oh, that is something that Rita and Buddie left there this morning. They were playing rail-road and that was their first crossing."

"Well, I should think you would insist upon their putting away their things when they have finished playing. What if someone should come in? I suppose I'll have to put it away myself."

"No, my dear, that won't be necessary. I don't mind having it stay there for a little while."

Marie gasped. "Leave it there! Why, *what for?*"

"Oh, just to have one or two persons look at it. Perhaps you can guess whom," replied her mother, as she resumed her reading.

"Why, yes, mother. Tom, of course. I surely wish he would observe that sign. Why, only yesterday when I was serving tea to the girls, Tom came in like a cyclone, throwing his books and his coat around on every chair in the room. He really mortified me to death!"

"Can't you think of anyone else?"

"Well, I don't know. Of course, Rita and Buddie could observe it a little more. If they would, they wouldn't always be getting hurt."

"Anyone else?" inquired her mother, in the same calm manner.

"Well, really mother, since you press me, if we shall have it in the dining-room, when father starts one of his awful stories, when we have company—"

She stopped short at the look in her mother's eyes.

"Well, really, you asked me if there was anyone else—and father was all I could think of."

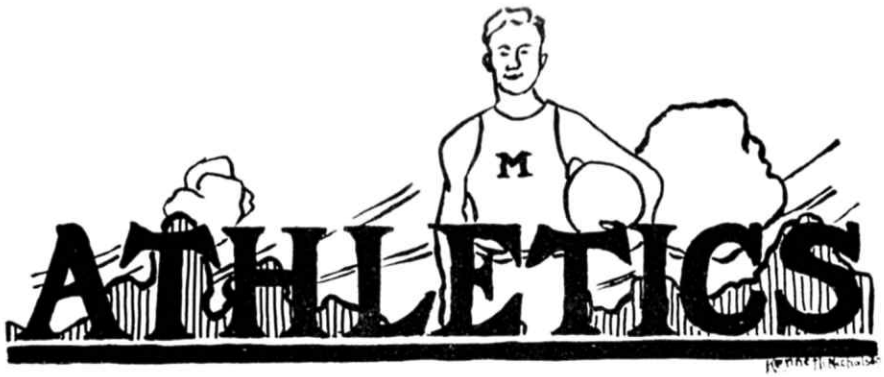
"I wonder if you ever 'Stop' and 'Look' at yourself?" her mother asked. "Have you ever realized how hard it is for an older member of the family to hold your attention? When I ask you to do an errand for me, it's, 'Oh, yes, mother, I understand,' and many times you do not. Or, if your father talks to you you'll say, 'Yes, father, I'm listening.' Then when he is through, your look shows that you haven't listened at all. One of the first laws of courtesy is to act as if all the time was at full disposal of the person you are talking to, particularly if the person is older than yourself. You must always remember this:

"Stop—until you know what is wanted of you.

"Look—at the person you are talking to and give your full attention.

"Listen—quietly and courteously until you know just what is wanted of you and then try to follow out their wishes.

"And most of all, Marie," continued her mother, as Marie came over and buried her face on her mother's shoulder, "Stop, Look at your own faults before you make anyone Listen to your criticisms of other people."



The forecast of athletics this year is most encouraging since we retain many of those who took part in sports last year. Last year the M. H. S. entered a wider field of athletics, putting out teams for interscholastic basketball, baseball, track and field events.

Our basketball team did very well leaving an average record of 210 points for the season, while our opponents scored 219.

The baseball team was one of the best ever put out. They won all of the five games played and a sixth was practically sacrificed.

Our line up ran:

Pitcher	C. McGlynn
Catcher	R. Pilger
First Base	J. Touhey
Second Base	A. Ahlswede
Third Base	E. Zigmund

Shortstop - - - - - - - - L. Bazal
Left Field - - - - - - - - C. Jacobs
Center - - - - - - - - - R. Nyhagen
Right - - - - - - - - - H. Kallies
Utility: W. Kubista, M. Stangel, L. Dumdey

Stoney McGlynn displayed even greater skill in getting the ball over the pan than he did last year and with his knowledge of the game he made an incomparable pitcher.

Pilger completed the battery and his speedy throws to bases made the runners sit tight. He and McGlynn formed the backbone of a whirlwind team.

Touhey played first like one of "Connie Mack's" regulars and pulled down anything within reach of his mit.

Ahlswede was a dependable man, and his long throw made him valuable as a second baseman. He will be a valuable asset next season.

Zigmund, our captain and third baseman, was the life of the team, generally playing under the difficulty of having a crowd of kids around third base engaged in a hearty discussion of the game or criticising and instructing the third baseman as to form. Despite this fact, Ziggie got everything coming his way. He had a thorough knowledge of the game and made a good leader.

Bazal, the short stop, was always cool-headed in a pinch, and got the ball to first like a bullet.

Jacobs, our left-fielder and Captain elect for this season, was a dependable man whether at the bat or in the field. He will help make the coming year successful.

Nyhagen, the center fielder, figured in several acrobatic catches. He will be with us next year.

Kallies was "there" all right when the balls went into right field. He played a good game and helped the team to success.

Although many of our players graduated, we expect that next year's team will be a winning one.

Our first game was with Sturgeon Bay at Sturgeon Bay. The result was 17 to 8 in our favor. McGlynn scored 18 strikeouts. His support all around was good. Heavy hitting by the M. H. S. was a feature of this game.

Notes: Girls, did you notice how Stoney lost interest in you after this game?

Did anyone see a member of the team accepting a ride in a Franklin for a month after this game?

Now we know why Sturgeon Bay is such a popular summer resort. The team followed the excellent example set by their captain.

Sheboygan at Sheboygan: 9-7 in our favor.

This game was attended by many M. H. S. students. The game was played under difficulties as the regular field could not be had. McGlynn pitched a great game, making twelve strike outs. His support all around was good. Our team had its batting eye in trim and made a fine showing.

Notes: Why couldn't the first baseman and pitcher keep their eyes on the ball, Stoney?

How funny about James. He felt so different at Sturgeon Bay.

Two Rivers at Two Rivers: 7-3 in our favor.

Stoney pitched a duel and showed a cool head. In the beginning he lacked support, but soon his mates were on their feet and played a winning game.

Notes: Funny what an effect a grand-stand full of Two Rivers girls will have on a pitcher.

Sheboygan at Manitowoc:

This game was a pitcher's battle, but Stoney proved dependable.

It was played in the morning, the result being 2 to 1 in our favor. This somewhat attoned for our defeat at the track meet in the afternoon.

Two Rivers at Manitowoc: 7-0 in our favor.

Two Rivers didn't have a chance in this game, McGlynn striking out 18 men in 7 innings. The team played like a machine and showed considerable development since its first game.

This was our last game and many of the players thought we'd have a chance for the "state champs," but vacation began and the team was broken up.

The M. H. S. entered against Sheboygan in a track and field meet. The results, although we were not victorious, were very satisfactory, three men breaking our High School records.

We hope to continue these sports and this season develop material for a more successful year.

An inter-class field meet was held during the second week of school, in September. Juniors and Seniors tied for honors. Their records were good.

FOOTBALL

To all outward indications, football is again coming into its own in our high school. At the beginning of the year, practice was started, mostly with the Juniors and Seniors out on the practice field. We had no coach and no system. Alumni, including Ralph Houghton and Roland Kretche would help us along as much as possible in their spare time but hardly anything was accomplished. We scrimmaged one night and fell on the ball and kicked the next night. One inter-class game was played, the Seniors beating the Juniors in a desultory contest by five touchdowns, the Juniors being unable to score.

However, enthusiasm for this sport was given a sudden impetus with the coming of Coach Edward Meyer. Mr. Meyer played with Marquette University for four years, and certainly knows what he is talking about. He made a big hit with the candidates for the team the very first night. But he means business and shows absolutely no partiality to anyone. He has a squad of about twenty-five candidates out almost every night after school and Saturday afternoons. A good many of these are promising material, and *with proper support*, Mr. Meyers has the ability to put out a winning team.

The team has elected a captain and manager. The votes were cast unanimously for Robert Nyhagen, as captain and Harvey Stangel, manager. With these two popular athletes at the helm, an excellent showing is practically assured. However, too much must not be expected of our team this season, as it is but the beginning. It is a well known fact that prominent coaches are in the habit of saying, "It takes three years to build a winning team." But we have a coach of exceptional ability, and we need but to watch and await results.

Several interscholastic games are assured for this season. Tickets were sold long ago. If you did not buy a ticket, try to get one now. If you haven't gone out to the games already played, you ought to be ashamed of yourself! Go out to every game that remains, not only in football but in basketball. This lack of school spirit on *your* part is sickening, not that you are any worse than the rest, but that you're not trying to be better than the rest. Why did you fail to come to school the other Monday morning with a voice and throat as hoarse as a foghorn? You weren't out at the field cheering your team on to victory the Saturday before, were you? No, we thought not. Now, why lie down on the job? Get up and *boost!* BOOST! BOOST!

M. H. S., 7; ALUMNI, 6

As we go to press we hear the gladsome tidings of our first football victory, and we delay the typesetter long enough to dash off these few lines.

On Saturday afternoon, October 16, our first regular game was played at the Fair Grounds to a pitifully small crowd. The occasion was a practice game with the Alumni, who were confident of giving our sturdies plenty of practice to the tune of 76 to 0, or thereabouts. However, there was the usual reversal of the "dope" and our team came through with flying colors.

It was a good, hard fought game from start to finish. Neither side scored during the first half. There were, of course, plenty of fumbles. We cannot give the game in detail but the main points follow:

Toward the end of the third quarter, the Alumni rushed the ball to our twenty-yard line, and then by a couple of well executed forward passes, line plunges by Kretche, and an end run, with Ava Mohr carrying the ball, scored their touchdown. Jack Markham attempted to kick goal, but the kick went wide of its mark. During the rest of this period, and the beginning of the next, the ball was constantly in our territory, but excellent tackles by Roman Herman, and Sam Randolph kept them from scoring.

Then as time slowly crept along to the finish of the game with the score 6-0 against us, the Alumni were penalized for off-side. They then fumbled the ball, which was recovered by Nyhagen, and with the pigskin in our possession the grand march down the field commenced. End runs by Nyhagen and Herman were good for fifteen yards. A forward pass to Jacobs netted that much more. Line plunges by Stangel, and the ball was dangerously close to Alumni's goal. Then a forward pass,

Stangel to Jacobs. "Cully" almost let the pigskin fall out of his hands but recovered it before it touched the ground and ran over for the touchdown that tied the score. McGlynn, with but a few seconds left to play, kicked goal, giving M. H. S. the victory.

On the whole, our team looked pretty good in the pinches, and pretty work by our backfield, especially the punting and passing of "Hubby" Stangel featured the game. The Alumni's team consisted of old stars of the school, who were quite fat (see R. K. and "Tubby" D.) and most of them out of training, so their work although brilliant at times was quite ragged in spots. —*Contributed.*

SCHOOL NOTES

The Decorative Art Club was reorganized this year under the direction of Miss Markham. The first meeting was held September 22, when the following officers were elected:

President	Julia Gilbertson
Vice-President	Amelia Hansen
Secretary	Bernice Gilbert
Treasurer	George Wilda
Censor	Ethel O'Neil

One of the interesting features of the Club this year is the reading of themes, written by the students, on the life history of famous artists. This will be instructive as well as interesting.

The Art Club proved a success last year with its various entertainments and parties, and it will be the aim of the Club this year to make it just as successful.

By *Julia Gilbertson*, '21.

The Junior-Senior Commercial Club is composed of eighty Juniors and Seniors taking the commercial course. It has the largest membership that was ever enrolled in this Club, and promises to retain its position as one of the leading Clubs. The meetings will be held every other Friday at which time a program will be given by the members. With the combined help of the members and the faculty in the Commercial Department we hope to make it a greater sucess than it ever has been before.

The officers elected for this semester are:

President	Dorothy Kries
Vice-President	Dorothy Napiezinski
Secretary	Howard Dummer
Treasurer	Sylvia Napiezinski
Censor	Miss Taft

By *Dorothy Kries*, '21.

The first meeting of the Boys' Glee Club which has been organized under the supervision of Miss Boettcher, was held October 1. The enthusiasm shown by the boys promises well for the future. The regular

meetings of this society are held in the main assembly room every Friday at 3.45 o'clock. All boys wishing to become active members of the Glee Club report in the main assembly next Friday afternoon.

The enrollment of High School students in the city this year is as follows:

Washington High School—		
Seniors	139	
Juniors	161	
Sophomores	186	
Freshmen	105	
		591
Junior High School—		
Freshmen	141	
Totals		732

The teaching of German was again introduced. There are four classes of first year German.

The picture presented to the High School by the Class of 1919 is greatly appreciated. It has been placed on the north wall of the main assembly room, making that a pleasing place to glance at for a moment's rest. It was bought with a fund that was left after publishing the nineteen-nineteen *Flambeau*. Paul Nyhagen was business manager of the annual and chairman of the gift committee. It was his hope that this would suggest to other classes the possibility of making the school more attractive through an appreciation of art.

There was no school Friday, September 24, owing to a teachers' meeting held at Two Rivers.

Several Boy Scouts were excused from school Friday, October 1, to attend a safety-first meeting at Milwaukee.

CATALOG OF TEACHERS

Albers, Laurinda ..... American History
Anderson, Jean ..... Latin
Bingham, Pearl ..... English
Boettcher, Audrey ..... Music
Campbell, Helen ..... Ancient History, Modern History
Dittmar, Mabel ..... Chemistry, General Science
Frelich, Frank ..... Botany, Physics
Fuller, Charles ..... Manual Training
Head, F. M. ..... Bookkeeping
Healy, Nora ..... Business Forms, English
Hubbard, Edith ..... English
Jones, Ella ..... Advanced Algebra, Plane Geometry
Lueck, Elsie ..... Ancient History, German
Luehr, W. H. ..... Algebra
Markham, Mildred ..... Art

McCauley, Gertrude.....Arithmetic, Bookkeeping
Megchelson, Florence.....Shorthand, Typewriting
Monteith, Mathilda.....Domestic Science
Nappe, Clara.....Commercial Geography, Shorthand
Naylor, Vera.....English
Pasewalk, Mildred.....Shorthand, Bookkeeping, Typewriting
Ruddock, Edith.....Library
Rudolph, Verna.....English
Schubert, Norman.....Manual Training
Stephany, Erna.....Domestic Science
Stokes, Nettie.....English, German
Taft, Winifred.....Shorthand, Typewriting
Zenses, Jeanne.....Spanish, French, German

JUNIOR HIGH SCHOOL

Matravers, Chester H.....Principal
Abel, Lottie.....Eighth Grade
Anderson, Nellie.....Algebra, General Science
Halvorson, Leonard.....Manual Training
Henrikson, Cora.....Algebra
Kleist, Gloria.....English
Murphy, Cora.....Commercial
Muth, Anna.....English, German
Wilda, Mayme.....Domestic Science

There are several teachers who were with us last year, whose faces we do not see among us this year. Some are not very far away, being within this or in neighboring states. Two have been promoted to the office of principal, while another has returned to the good old school days, taking up a post-graduate course. We notice also that one has crossed the sea, going back to childhood haunts in sunny Spain. Another has commenced a voyage on the sea of matrimony.

Margaret Anderson, in Milwaukee, at Riverside High School.

E. R. Ellian, Principal of Ashland High School.

Hazel Lindstedt, Teacher of Domestic Science in Vocational School, Chippewa Falls.

Lotta Liebmann, Cleveland Heights High School.

Florence Nussey, Post-Graduate, Stout Institute.

B. D. Richardson, Principal of Lake Geneva High School.

L. A. Rumsey, Wood-working Department, Continuation School, Sheboygan.

Olivia Taylor, Necedah High School.

Emily Wangard was married to Albert J. Thomann on the 9th day of October, 1920. After their honeymoon this happy couple will take up their residence in Madison, at 1341 Morrison Street. We take this opportunity of extending to them our most hearty congratulations, with our very best wishes for their future.

Mrs. Riggs Miller, who is remembered by many of us as the teacher who had the Spanish classes in the early morning period last year, has crossed the Atlantic once more and is now at Barcelona, Spain.

The attention of the visitor, upon entering the main assembly, is immediately attracted by a blue banner on the front wall of the room. On this banner is the following inscription: "*Given by Lawrence College in 1920 for Excellence in Debating.*" To the visitor this pennant is of but passing importance. To the school, and the debaters of 1920 who fought for that school, it is the lasting reminder of a work well done.

The Manitowoc High School Debating Society has been organized for the season, and the following have been elected as officers:

President - - - - - - - Rufin Boyd
Vice-President - - - Harvey Stangel
Secretary - - - - Bernard Tostenson
Treasurer - - - - - - Harold Sporer
Censor - - - - - - - Terry Nelson

This society has been very successful in the past, and the future is most promising. The regular meetings of the society are held every second Thursday. At such meetings debates on various questions of public importance are usually held. The benefits derived from being a member of this society cannot be overestimated. The ability to think, while addressing an audience, should be developed, and debating is the best method of developing this faculty. We earnestly recommend that all boys of the school become active members of this society.

S. P. Q. R.

The Latin Club has been organized under the supervision of Miss Anderson. The election of officers was held September 30. The following were elected:

Consuls - - - - Mollie Rahr, Evangeline Leuth
Aediles - - - - - - - - - - - -
. Margaret Sommers, Ethel Reinfried Dorothy Rand
Praetor - - - - - - - - - - - - Agnes Pederson
Censor - - - - - - - - - Agnes Spoentgen

The two years of the Club's existence have been very successful. An interesting program is being planned for the coming year.

LE CIRCLE FRANCAIS

A French Club has been organized by Miss Zenses for the purpose of promoting the speaking of the French language. The membership of the club is limited, owing to the fact that only advanced second year French students are admitted. The first meeting of the club was held Monday, October 4, at the home of Miss Zenses. An interesting and instructive talk was given by Miss Zenses about her experiences in Africa. The talk was vividly illustrated by accompanying photographs. The club will undoubtedly accomplish a great deal of beneficial work, and we wish it all the success possible.

The Girls' Glee Club has been organized this year under the supervision of Miss Boettcher. The following have been elected as officers.

President - - - - Margaret Stangel
Vice-President - - Margaret Schuette

Secretary - - - - - - Francis Shaw
Treasurer - - - - - Beatrice Kulnick
Librarian - - - - - - Helen Fishbeck

The regular meetings of this society are held every Wednesday. There being an enrollment of fifty-five members, the society will be able to produce some good work. The dues are five cents a month. The girls gave two numbers at the Two Rivers High School. "*Amaryllis*" and "*In the Time of Roses*" were sung. The society plans to give programs here frequently.

JUNIOR HIGH SCHOOL NOTES

One day Peter's sister said to him, "I see you are getting to the head of your class."

"Yes," said Peter, "We have a funny teacher. First she tells me not to talk so loud and then she keeps me after school for whispering."

The Fire Brigade was successful in waking up the assembly by having Fat Kugler run down to the first floor.

Teacher: "Why do we read the *Odyssey?*"
Brilliant Student: "Because we have to."

L. S. to Miss Muth: "Do all Greeks have a Roman nose?"

We have a very heavy Fire Brigade as H. Kugler is a member.

Why is every one in haste to get out of school Thursday afternoons? Girls' Glee Club?

A freshie
Some sunshine
A mirror that shines.
A flash.
In the office
A Freshman pines.

The Girls' Glee Club, under the direction of Miss Boettcher, is composed of thirty-five members of the Eighth and Ninth Grades, most of them being of the latter.

On September 30, officers were elected as follows:

President - - - - - - - - Frieda Terens
Vice-President - - - Dorothy Hoffman
Secretary - - - - - - Alice Hougen
Treasurer - - - - - Gertrude Niquette
Librarian - - - - - Grace Thompson

Ten cents a month was decided upon as dues.

We plan on having a successful as well as a pleasant year.

On Wednesday, September 19, the Junior High School elected the members of the Fire Brigade for the coming year. Those chosen from the Ninth Grade are: Raymond Halverson, Edward Peot, Harold Kugler, Leonard Miller, Arthur Sweikar, and Robert Hecker.

Those from the Eighth Grade are: Lester Christenson, Wilbur Heiser.

Those from the Seventh Grade are: Harry Peterson, Eugene Mahnke.

At a meeting held by the members of the Brigade the following officers were elected:

Chief - - - - - - -	Robert Hecker
Captain - - - - -	Lester Christenson
1st Lieutenant - - - -	Wilbur Heiser
2d Lieutenant - - -	Arthur Sweikar

We hope to make "Efficiency" our slogan.

The Junior High School has decided to follow the example of the Washington High in regard to electing class officers. The results of the election are:

President - - -	Raymond Halverson
Vice-President - - -	Dorothy Hoffman

The Secretary and Treasurer have not yet been elected. Class meetings will be held in the assembly and we hope to instill a new class spirit by having them.

Dear Friends:

The exchange department of this magazine is anxious to have the comradeship among high school papers more cheerful than ever. We agree with editors that a school publication is greatly improved by containing an *Exchange*. If we could only have our little department so interesting that students and teachers would eagerly turn the pages in search of it, then would our efforts be worth while. In order to attain this success we need your loyal support and we are anxiously awaiting the arrival of your magazine. THE EXCHANGE EDITOR.

The Sheboygan High School is to be congratulated on the successful weekly paper it is publishing. *The Lake Breeze Weekly* is a wide-awake paper and shows the enterprising spirit of the Sheboygan school.

A BRIGHT ONE

W. P. "What did your eye get bloodshot from?
K. D. "Too much brightness."
W. P. "What dya mean?"
K. D. "I saw Miss P's diamond ring."

AS THEY TALKED BEFORE THE POLE VAULT

A Junior: "If you really wish to laugh, listen to some of the Seniors give excuses for losing the interclass track meet to the Juniors." (These are his exact words.)

A WORD FROM THE WISE—

Freshies: "What's this thing?" (Holding up a compass.)
Senior: "That's a wewa for a pump handle."

GUESS: WAS IT A FRESHMAN OR A JUNIOR?

Miss J. "What is the radius of a circle?"
H. S. "The radius of a circle is twice again once more as short as the diameter."

THEY HAVE OUR DEEPEST SYMPATHY

Mr. H. "Ethel O'N. and Robert N., pass to room eight, but each take a different seat."

ACCORDING TO PARLIAMENTARY LAW

R. B. (At meeting of Debating Society): "We will initiate the new members even though a good many of those who are here are not present. Now all of you new members sit down and come forward."

CAMP DOINGS

Rich Marriage
Love in a cottage
A 2. Be discreet
Inherit- ance
Dark man (etc)
Telling Fortunes
?
He loves me
He loves me not
Jack
Daisy's wont Tell
Get my oar!
Gertrude
Florence
4:30 A.M.
HARP
RUTH K.
MINNIE
US Mail
Daily Love Letters
Laura '22

SOMETHING NEW ALL THE TIME

It was a bright student who, at the opening of school this fall, registered for the "*epidemic*" *course*. (Is this a cousin of "*academic*"?)

NOTA BENE

A ten will be given to the first genius who brings to the Botany teacher a perfect specimen of a "Honey Bug."

ENCOURAGING

R. N. (while soliciting for the *Manitou*): "All those who are afflicted with outbursts of poetry will have a chance to see their work in print."

ACCORDING TO MISS JONES

Theorem: A poor student is better than a good student.
Hypothesis: Two students; a good student and a poor one.
Conclusion: A poor student is better than a good student.
Proof: 1. Nothing is better than a good student. (Common sense.)
2. A poor student is better than nothing. (See proof 1.)
3. Therefore, a poor student is better than a good student.
(If A is greater than B and B is greater than C, then A is greater than C.)

Smalley had a stick of gum,
That followed him to school,
The teacher took it away from him
And gave it to a mule. (The mule died.)

NOTICE

This is an example of some of the material which is submitted to the MANITOU. We have not heard from the writer lately, but have heard rumors that he now has a steady job trimming a lawn with a pair of scissors on Twenty-third street.

"Luby, the lounge lizard, taking the hand crocheted monkey wrench out of his hootch pocket, gently fastened the loosened nuts and screws in his empty head, then sallied forth to the cootie club in his sieve canoe on the desert sands. On the way he met cast-iron-nosed Ezra, galloping by on his concrete bicycle, who kindly offered to exchange some sand paper turkish towels and a fur lined bath tub for an old set of rubber teeth. Then, throwing the gears into high, Luby speeded into the city. Drawing up at the Cootie Club, he calmly parked his canoe on forbidden ground and breathlessly ran up the fire escape. Entering a second story window through a door on the third floor, he saw Lucias, the loop hound, manicuring his eyebrows with a hand embroidered Swiss cheese. This being too delicately perfumed for his optic nerves, he clapped his lunch hooks over his nose and hurriedly disembarked through the attic door in the cellar to purchase the goods for Ezra."

Vacation News
JOHN MEANY'S SPECIALTY WAS HOD CARRYING AT THE CONSTRUCTION COMPANY
KENNETH DAHM DELIVERED GROCERIES — 60 PER. WAS SLOW !!
RUFIN BOYD EXPLORED THE "WILDS" OF MINNESOTA
OMER GAUTHIER SAID HIS JOB REMINDED HIM OF A CONVICT'S JOB-WONDER HOW HE KNOWS-?!
WISCONSIN PEA CANNERS CO.
MHS
ANNUAL REUNION AT THE PEA FACTORY. USUAL GANG FROM M. H. S.
HAROLD SPORER ADDED SOME NEW ADJECTIVES TO HIS VOCABULARY WHILE WITH THE CARPENTERS
SPACE WILL NOT PERMIT THE SHOWING OF BOB NYHAGEN'S NUMEROUS JOBS, BUT IT CAN BE SAID THAT HE SPENT MOST OF HIS TIME GOING FROM ONE TO ANOTHER.
BERNARD BALKANSKY "WASHED" CARS AT HALL BROS. GARAGE
WALTER PETERS SPLASHED A LITTLE PAINT AT BURGER'S BOAT YARD
MASON

WHY EDITORS SEEK THE PRESIDENCY

Dear Editor:

Please inform me whether it is correct to eat soup, drink soup, or guzzle soup, and oblige,

A SOPHOMORE.

ACCORDING TO FUTURE HISTORIANS

"The battle of Agincourt was fought in the year of August."

A PROBLEM FOR GREATER MINDS THAN OURS

If all of the Seniors were Honey Bugs,
If all of the Juniors were June Bugs,
And all of the Sophomores were Soap suds,
What would the Freshmen be?

Yes, Columbus Had His Troubles, Too.

Miss A. (Quoting from the poem *Columbus*): "The men grew ghastly, wan, and weak; what does that mean?"

C. H. "Seasick."

First Senior: "This is tough, having our Assemblies changed again."

Second Senior: "I don't mind much. I can sleep anywhere."

"I go to the South
When the cold wind blows,"
Said the bird as he flew on his way;
"But I'll see you next spring,
And to you I will sing
In March, or in April or May."

By *Ethel O'Neil*, '21.

NEVERMORE

He took her rowing on a lake
Ah, sure it was a sad mistake;
For she would have her own, sweet, way;
And that completely spoiled the day.
He gently helped her in the boat,
And soon the couple was afloat.
"Get me those lilies," she said in glee
Over the side of the boat reached he.
He laid the blossoms at her feet.
"How rare!" she gushed. "Oh, aren't they sweet?"
But soon the posies lost their charm.
A fish she spied, and jerked his arm.
"Get it!" She clapped in sheer delight.
He grabbed at the fish with all his might.
His panama hat fell from his head.
"How provoking," the maiden said.
"Why are you so clumsy?" she demanded.
"Teach me to row," she then commanded.
She clutched the oars; oh, noble sight.
She splashed about, then asked: "This right?"
"Fine," said he, "but a little slow."
Queried the maid, "Why won't it go?"
Right on that spot the small craft stayed,
The crew with cooling waters sprayed.
"Hold my umbrella over me,
My dress is getting wet," cried she.
A little while longer she floundered about;
Then gave it up with an angry pout.
"Now you may give me my pink sun shade,
You wretch! How could you let it fade?"
"Oh! Oh!" she shrieked, "You cruel beast!"
Then soon the fish beheld a feast.
For she stamped so hard, the boat upset.
'Twas in the water the two next met.
He picked her up and swam to land,
Then set his burden on the sand.
Said the offended maiden: "Never again!"
The sore-tried youth replied, "Amen."

Anonymous

Depending Largely Upon the Circumstances

Senior: "Does this pen always leak?"
Freshy: "No! Only when there's ink in it."

IF YOU CAN IDENTIFY THIS HANDWRITING, PLEASE NOTIFY US

Question: Is the human mind tireless?
Answer: No; but it sometimes runs pretty flat.

THE FROST

By VIVIAN JOYCE, '21

Unannounced, he arrived,
In the dead of the night;
O'er the slumbering world,
He then made his swift flight.
From the ice covered hills,
And the frigid north pole,
In the quiet and dark,
On the sleepers he stole.
And across the green dales,
O'er the silvery brook,
On the leaves of the oak,
His white sign, he shook.

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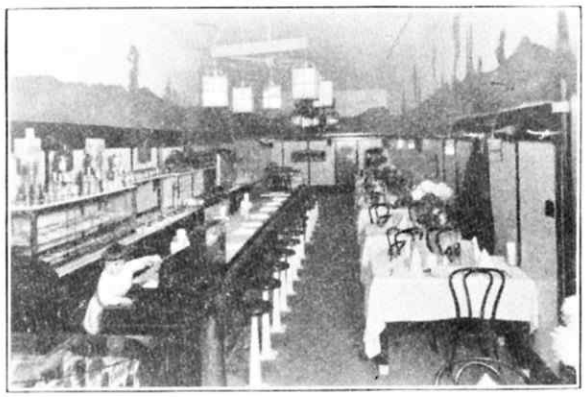

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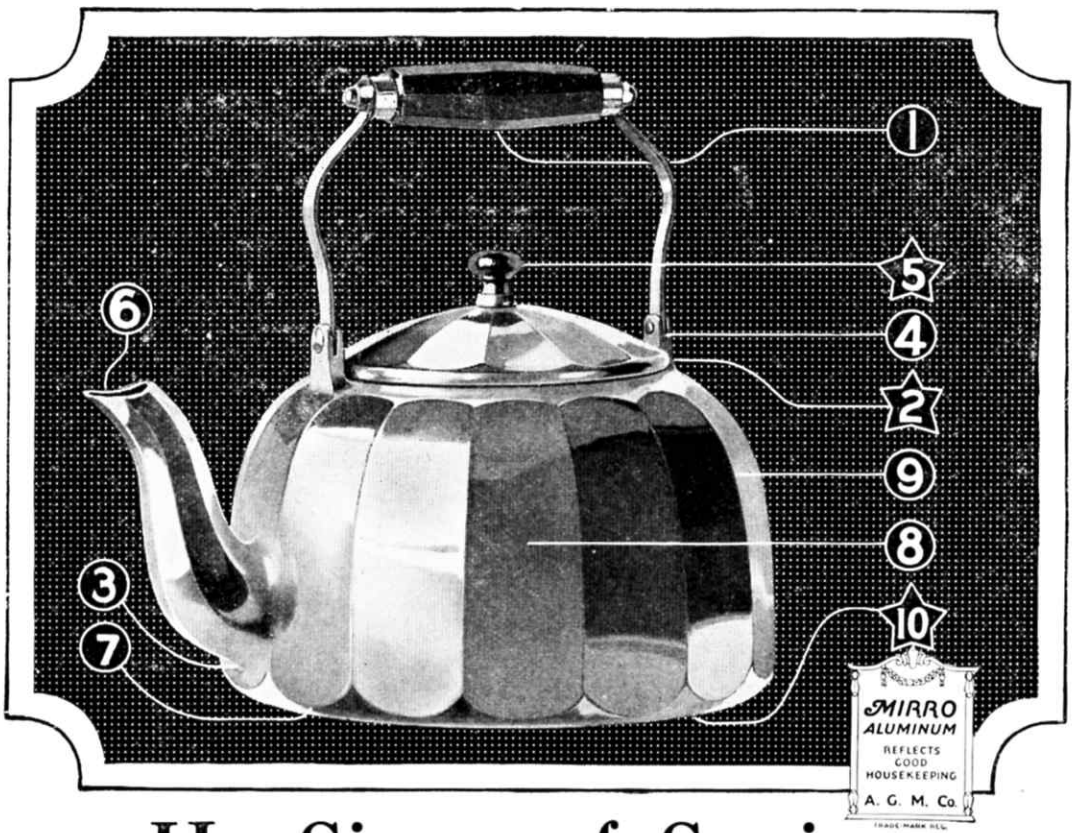

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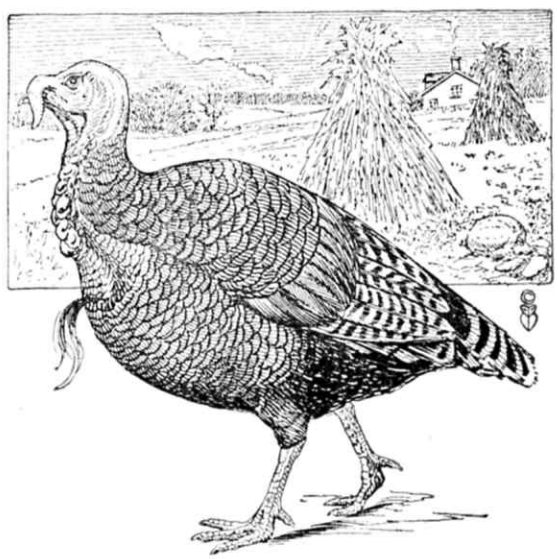

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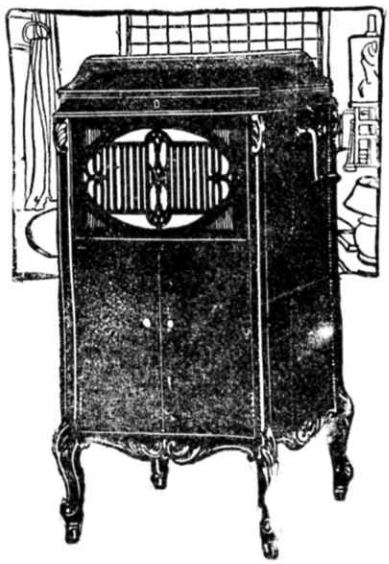

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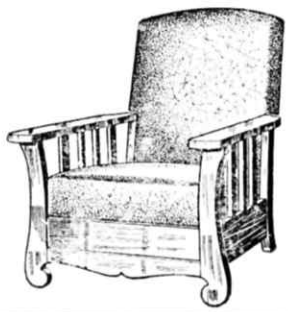

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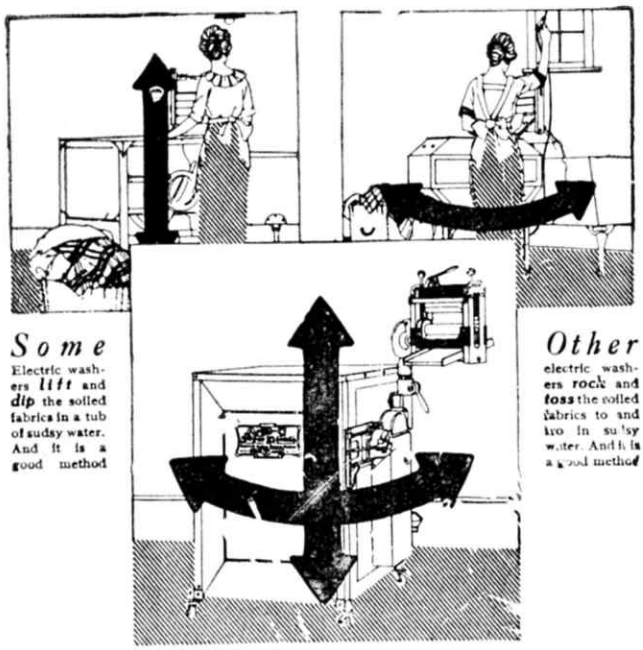

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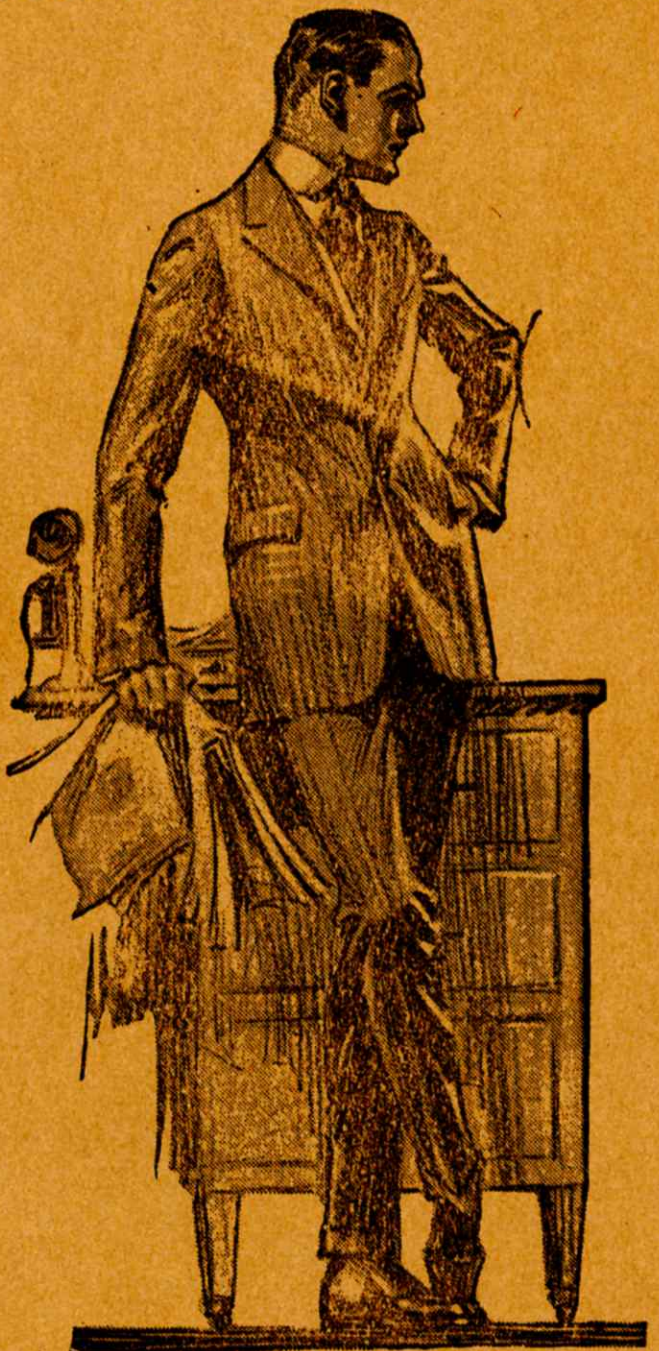

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